Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess[3]:—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue.

QUICK. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Mrs. QUICKLY and Boy.

BAM. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PIST. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PIST. Base is the slave that pays[4].

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PIST. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

BARD. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

PIST. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

BARD. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

3 — and YOU, hostess:] The folio has—•** and *your* hostess '*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. The emendation is supported by the quarto "Hostess, you must come straight to my master, and *you* host Pistol '*. MALONE.

4 Base is the slave that pays.] Perhaps this expression was proverbial. I meet with it in The Fair Maid of the West, by Hey-

wood, 1631:

> 'My motto shall be, *Base is the man that pays*"

STEEVENS.